

Carmen Irenicum.

IMPERIALIUM
Magnæ Britanniae
CORONARUM
UNIO.

Auctore *Elkanah Settle.*



Anno Domini. M DCC VII.

Carmen Irenicum.

IMPERIALIUM
Magnæ Britanniae
CORONARUM
UNIO.

Auctore *Elkanah Settle.*



Anno Domini. M DCC VII.

75 1/2 16

Carmen Irenicum.

THE
UNION
OF THE
Imperial Crowns
OF
Great BRITAIN.


AN
Heroick POEM.

L O N D O N,
Printed for the Author, M DCC VII.



TO THE
QUEEN'S
Most Excellent MAJESTY.

MADAM,

 Mongst the Thousand and Ten Thousand Knees, all bending before the Throne of MAJESTY to offer up their duteous Hymns of Gratitude to the Soverain Foundress of so Universal a Blessing, The UNION of Two (now truly happy) Kingdoms; be graciously pleas'd to permit the humblest, tho' unworthiest of those numerous bowing Heads, with all profoundest Veneration, to prostrate himself, and this small Oblation, at Your Royal Feet.

When all Eyes look up, with an uncommon Satisfaction, to see so Great a WORK so fruitlessly attempted by Your Royal Ancestours, and so Gloriously Perfected in Your MAJESTY's Auspicious Reign: Whatever Subject Matter of Admiration it might otherwise afford, the Wonder wholly vanishes when we lift up our Thoughts to the equitable Dispensations of Providence, in so peculiarly reserving the Performance of this shining Labour, amongst the other Unequal'd Atcheivements under Your Prosperous Administration, for such exalted PIETY, so justly the Darling of Heaven; reserv'd for that most Sacred MAJESTY of BRITAIN, that Reigns for her People, not Herself; She that brings a Hand and a Heart to the High Helm of Pow'r, so refinedly Qualify'd for the Divine Vicegerency, an Imperial Sovereignty; as to taste no
other

other Joys of Empire, than those that ev'n the Immortal Guardians of the Throne share with Her; whilst every Darling Pleasure that fills that Hallow'd Breast, with an unblushing Glory, may warm so fair a SOUL, before the high Altars of GOD.

Were it possible to make a Penetration into the Heart of MAJESTY for the full Discovery of those Transports of Delight the SOVERAIN of Her now UNITED-BRITAIN has conceiv'd on this Memorable Occasion, beyond the Publick Expressions She has been pleas'd to give the World on that Subject; we must intrude even into Her Retiring Closet for so Sublime a Speculation: For Her Raptures are only rais'd highest, when Her Knee bends lowest.

If then my Presumption in addressing this Poem to Your MAJESTY may arrogate any least Pretension to Your Royal Pardon, it has no other Beam of Grace to hope from, than that the Subject of it has so deservedly found so warm a Royal Smile. 'Tis under this only Umbrage I have assumed the Boldness thus to publish myself,

MADAM,

Your MAJESTY's

Most Dutiful Subject,

E. Settle.

To the PATRIOTS of Great Britain.

Gentlemen,

AS 'tis the peculiar Glory of the *British Genius*, that not only Your Native Country, but the World, Your Adoption, has been equally Your Charge and Care; after so long therefore and so unwearied a Cheerfulness in Your Generous and Immense Contributions to the Succour of *Christendom*; when from this dazzling Review of the warm Zeal within Your *Senatory-Walls* in that Illustrious Cause, we look up yet higher to the Great Hands joyn'd in this last Pacifick Labour, the *UNION of Two Kingdoms*, we can only sum up Your shining Character in this short, but emphatick Panegyrick, *You are the Warriours Abroad, and the Peace-Makers at Home.*

Besides those infinite National-Blessings, obvious to all reasonable Foresight, that shall attend this Glorious *UNION*; Providence seems more particularly to have enlighten'd the Wisdom of the Nation to the Performance of this Mighty Work, to make You even a grateful Return for the numerous Millions You have so frankly exhausted in the Defence of *Europe*: For, as You have thus long founded so chargeable a Feast to treat the World around You, You have made this happy *UNION* at Home, as will soon encourage those active Hands, as shall replenish the Granaries You have so generously emptied, and by an Encrease of Commerce and Industry, repay Your *Britannia* back again the Wealth her Auxiliary Glory has so liberally expended.

And to crown all, You have this visible Prospect before You, That as You have laid out so vast a Treasure in the Prosecution of the War, and all for the fixing of a solid and lasting Peace to *Christendom*; You have happily establish'd this *UNION* to secure such a lasting Foundation, whilst You have rendered Yourself, a now *United-Nation*, too Formidable, to fear the starting up of any new Insults from irregular Ambition to disturb the future Repose of the World; when the thus Strengthen'd *Great Britain*, with her wonted Goodness, always the Champion of Right, and Succourer of the Oppress'd, shall be ready to step forth to front so hardy an Attempter.

And really when we look forward to the Strength the Happy *Britain* shall receive from this *UNION*, we may truly and honestly say, even in the midst of all our late Amazing Triumphs, *The Glory of Her Arms has hitherto reacht no higher than to make Her Victorious: This UNION shall render Her Invincible.*

U N I O

Britannica.

H *A C* volvente Die, quanto *Pæane*, Britannos,
Aspirante canet quô Numine, Musa Triumphos?
 UNIO, *Te canit ; — Et colat. Ad tua sydera faustos*
Ore pio tollens oculos, tibi supplicet alma.
Huic operi te Divam exoret adesse faventem,
Plusquam Numen Apollineum, sacrisque Camænis
Ex alto Lumen Cælestius. Hinc prece blandâ
Expetat Auspicium ; Dum Britones inde perennè
Exstructum Columnen prospectent, concinat altam
Te Fundatricem, tantum illustrare Laborem.

Ante Orbes tu nata, & Luci Phosphorus ipsi,
 UNIO, *te celebrare, tuos speculemur Honores.*
In Te retrorsum longe videamus Opusque
Cæleste & Terrestre, DEI sex ecce Diebus
Finitos, tantâ fundatâ mole, Labores.
Tuque Deo dederas requiescere ; Opusque Creator
Viderat esse Bonum ; Tu nempe benigna beâras.
Harmonia, Ordo, Decus, fabricati Machina Mundi,

Omnipotentis

T H E
 U N I O N
 O F
 Great Britain, &c.

F O R Aiding Pow'rs this Task to undertake,
 Where shall my Muse her Invocation make?
 UNION the Song, let her alone to Thee,
 Thee, UNION, lift her Eyes and bend her Knee:
 Pray thy assisting Beam, a Pow'r Divine,
 Beyond th' *Apollo* and inspiring *Nine*;
 To tune her Airs, to the exalted Praise
 Of th' *Albion* Bow'rs of Bliss, thy Smiles upraise,
 Chant the Great Foundress first, thy Fount of Honour
(trac'd;
 Then sing th' Illustrious Pile, thy Work of Glory last.

Hail then, bright UNION, thou so early born,
 In Times first Nonage, the World's infant Morn.
 Here let our retrospecting Wonder see
 God's Six Days Labours ended all in Thee;
 By Thee his whole Creation Structure blest,
 He saw the Work was Good, and sate him down to rest:
 Order and Harmony, their sacred Frame,
 That lift so high th' Almighty Founders Name;
C In

10 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Omnipotentis Honos, Divinior UNIO solùm est.
 Sustinet illa polos. — Astris Terrisque regendis
 Naturæ en volventis onus. — Tot Lumina sparsim
 Aspicimus, tot mille rotantia sidera Cæli,
 Cardinibus variis, vario cursûque movenda,
 (Assignante Deo) distincto munere, junctim
 Officio; Ob tantæ molis sociale Ligamen,
 Unio amica, tuum est. — Quid si Tutela Salusque,
 In te verè Animâ Mundi mundana reposta est?
 Ob nimium brevis illa tuo Provincia Sceptro!
 Correptis Astrisque illabentique superstes
 Orbi, regnabis (quò tolleris UNIO!) Mundi
 Non solùm primis, sed Gloria summa futuri.
 Grandior ecce Labor! Periturum haud sufficit Orbem
 Te tanto ornatû, tantis decorâsse Columnis:
 Esse quoque in fatis prospeximus afforè Fronti
 Addendum Diadema superbius. — Ultima Terras
 Cùm Tuba ad extremas audita, sonabit ab Astris,
 Promuba Cælicolùm Sponsalibus: Ecce beatæ
 Illæ Animæ, vel adhuc ipsa inter Gaudia Cæli
 Heu viduæ, renovanda Hymenæi vincla parare,
 Conjuga, ea à brevibus direpta amplexibus olim,
 Corpora, in æternum ad Connubia diva vocabunt;
 Tunc Capita à somno surgent letantia, ovansque
 Pulvis — Pulvis ovans? Ora irradiata resurgent,
 Digna Dei famulis, Animarum haud impare formâ
 Ditata, & sponsis dignissima. Vincula Amoris
 Æterni hæc æterna, tua, Unio, Dextra ligabit.
 Imò, ea, quæ tremulis Mortalibus obvia Vultus
 Horrendos, Jaculum magis horrendum, obtulit olim;
 Nunc

In their whole Soverain Sway are all no more,
 Then UNION more Divine, Concurring Pow'r.
 The numerous Wheels which yon vast Circle turn,
 Where thousand thousand Lamps of Glory burn,
 All from Omnipotence their Tasks assign'd,
 The Movement various, but the Service joyn'd,
 This immense Pile, the vast Creation Ball,
 Thy single Gordian, UNION, binds 'em all.
 Art thou the Cement of this spacious Frame,
 And do's that narrower Honour bind thy Fame?
 No, *Union, Union*, thy rais'd Head yet higher,
 Thou shalt reign on, when Worlds themselves expire.
 Thou shalt still shine, this first short World o'erpast,
 The consummating Glory of the last.
 'Tis not enough with all that beauteous Robe,
 Thou deck'st so gay this perishable Globe;
 Thy Brow reserv'd for brighter Laurels still,
 When the last Trump the whole wide Round shall fill,
 The loud Commanding Summons heard by all:
 When at that more than Hymeneal Call,
 The blessed Soul shall her new Spousals make,
 Her divorc'd Partner's sleeping Dust shall wake;
 Dust! No new purer Mould, from Dross and Shade,
 Uprais'd with all unfading Light array'd,
 Her equal Conjugal of Glory made.
 Thus rais'd, thus blest, by Thee thus call'd to shine,
 These Nuptials, this Immortal Hymen's Thine.
 Yes, th' once dread King of Terrours from his Throne
 Hurl'd headlong, lost, extinct, himself alone
 The sleeping Head; (no Grave now but his own!)

No

12 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Nunc longùm perdenda, Tyrannidis Orbe ruenti,
 Fractoque æternùm sceptro, lethalibus ieta
 Ipsaque Mors jaculis, solùm morituraque, tota
 Inter Terrarum evacuata sepulchra sepulchro
 Sola suo recubans ; non ultrà hostilibus Armis
 Dividet amplexus, & funera condet Amantùm.
 Immortalis Amor, Connubia sacraque Cælis,
 Ob nunquam viduanda, à te stabilita perennè
 Unio, florescent. Non solùm Divus in altum
 Angelicos sociare Choros ; dilata recepto
 Corda Deo, sociumque Dei se tollet ad Astra.
 Utque hæc obtineat cælestia Præmia Virtus,
 Dic Tuque assignetur opus tibi quale supernè !
 Ad Visum tua Lux Divorum illuminat Ora
 Sacra Beatificum ; Divinaque Brachia tu das.
 Unio, prælustres ut adhuc celebremus Honores
 Altius, alta, tuos, (Solum quò culmine Cæli !)
 Unio ter felix, per Te totum aspice Numen
 Consummatum ; in Te TRINUM Immortale recumbit.*

*Ut datur in superis tot tantaque posse ; quid infrà,
 Unio, non poteris ! Teque arridente Britannas
 Dij dederint junxisse Scotangla Ligamina Terras.
 Ob quid Præsidium, quid Curarumque Levamen
 Imperio attuleras hoc duplice — triplice Pacto ;
 Ecce Deum ! Hæc pia Causa trahit socialiaque Astra.
 Non Lumen neutrale polis. Utrosque per Orbes
 Uno læta choro Vox Unica concinit ; æque
 Auraque sana tuo a Boreâ fragrabit & Austro :
 Hoc opus omne tuum est : Divisque Laboribus ille
 Ultimus*

CARMEN IRENICUM. 13

No more (fal'n Tyrants can no more destroy!)
 This Resurrection Bridal shall annoy ;
 No, Thou shalt fix the Reign of everlasting Joy :
 Not only mounting to th' Angelick Sphere,
 To joyn the endless Hallelujahs there,
 The bright Translated Saint yet more refin'd,
 By Thee ev'n with th' embodied God-head joyn'd.
 So joyn'd, this bright Reward to Virtue given,
 Oh *Union! Union!* What's thy Work in Heav'n?
 By Thee th' enlighten'd Eyes the God shall see,
 The Beatifick Vision all from Thee.
 Nay, with ev'n yet more dazling Luster still,
 More Excellence Divine thy Orb of Pow'r to fill,
 The Myftick Effence of th' Immortal THREE,
 The very God himself's fumm'd up in Thee.

In Heav'n fo Potent, in thy Poft Divine!
 And do's thy Pow'r Below lefs glorious fhine?
 No, thou who tun'ft *Britannia's* Royal Sphere
 T' a Harmony, till now ne'er reach'd her Ear:
 Dost thy joyn'd *Albion* and *Albania* view.
 This double, triple League, (for Heav'n's joyn'd too!)
 No neutral Stars when fuch Attraction draws:
 They fhine all Parties in this darling Caufe.
 Thou Soverain Foundrefs of a Pile fo fair
 Whofe North and South, now breathe one fragrant Air.
 To my poor Mufe, thy bounteous Influence grant,
 Cheer'd and inspir'd, upraife her Song to chant,
 D *Britain's*

14 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Ultimus accessit, læto quoquè Maximus Orbi.
Sit Carmenque tuum, Radioque benigna potenti,
Ut Majora canat, Musæ succurre Minori.*

*Instrue Musa Lyras; utque hæc Concordia Regnumque,
Et Carmen moduletur. Ea illucentia ab Ærâ
Auspicia hæc volvenda; hunc totum latius Orbem;
Si peragraræ velis, ræcinas Primordia Lucis.
Retrò verte oculos antiqua per atria Regni,
A Proavis dæum; hisce minoribus, incipe Cantum.*

*Centenos Phæbi volventia Lumina cursus
Fimierant. Distans tam latè dormiit Ætas,
Sublata è vivis, cum famâ vivere solùm
Virginea Angliaco quondam Lux occidit Orbi.
Tunc Sceptri Angliacique Albanique unica pondus
Dextra STUARTA tulit (quâ dives Origine!) Fonte
A duplici duplices Regni suscepit babenas.
Ob divæ æternùm memorabile nomen ELIZÆ!
Dilectam hanc Vitam decorandis protulit ævis,
Sceptrisque ornandis justissima Gratia Cæli.—
Et Cæli, & Cælis hæc Gratia. Floruit annis
Non sibi fundatrix, Divas ut conderet Arces:
Haud sese, ut potiùs Cælum ditaret ELIZÆ.*

*Prospera Roma suum, per sæcla rotantia longum
Immota, Imperium tenuit; sic mole stupendâ
Intumuit. (Funesta, heu Gloria!) Dum magis alta,
Irradiata minùs, caput extulit. Imò Potestas
Turgida convuluit, ceciditque elanguida Virtus.
Forma venusta, caput venerandum, hæc pristina Roma est.
Nec*

CARMEN IRENICUM.

15

Britain's new Bond of Empire ty'd so fast,
Of all thy Mighty Labours, this thy last;
In thy Creation Mould, so all divinely cast.

Tuned to a Kingdoms Joys, this thy great Theme,
The flowing Blessings from so rich a Stream,
Thro' their whole spreading Shine, woud'st thou dis-
Look back, my Muse, to *Albion's* Morning Ray: (play
When thy wide ranging Wings such Glory trace,
From her bright Fount of Light set out thy Race.

Through his bright Orb of Day th' unwearied Sun
Has a long hundred annual Circles run,
Since the fair Virgin STAR of *Albion* set:
When those concentring Royal Glories met,
Rich both with th' *Albion* and *Albanian* Veins,
One STUART Hand took up the Double Reins.
Justly that lengthen'd Race of Fame-kind Heav'n,
Had to that Favourite Head the great *ELIZAH* given.
Yes kind t', it self: For Heav'n she reign'd alone,
The Pile she lived to raise was all its own,
T' enrich the Heav'nly, not her Earthly Throne.

Long Ages had proud *Rome* her Empire held,
To that prodigious Bulk her Grandeur swell'd.
Hard-fated Growth! still the more great, less bright,
As she encreas'd her Pow'r, she waned her Light:
Rome's native Face of Innocence no Taint,
No Spot, nor poor delusive Art of Paint,
Had yet disgrac'd: In their whole Charms divine,
All beauteous did her first Pretensions shine.

Immortal

16 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Nec maculæ, nec fucus adhuc violaverat ora.
Nempe propaganda Fidei, Templisque struendis
Incubuit pia Cura: Ille Ambitus, inde Triumphus.
Mandata, ob verè Cælestia tradere, primus
Hic Labor, hoc opus: Hæc steterant Fundamina Romæ.
Sed cùm fabrilis sceptri, terrestris Honoris,
Væ vanæ! malefuada Fames accreverat; Atlas
Debilior, recubansque novo sub pondere languet:
Excidit ex humeris tutela minuta polorum.
Qualia nunc Holocausta parat? Libamina Cælo
Sacrata, hæc olim fragrantia, tinxit odore
Tam vili, ut nimium terrena Altaria fument.
Non sustentando Solium Cæleste laborat:
Condere nempe suum gemit anxia cura. Coronâ
Haud Mitrà sudat frontem redimita; Decusque
Cæleste à quondam rutilato decedit ore:
Scoria sordidior divum fuscaverat Aurum.

Hoc sceptrum, hæc Romæ Dominatio. At ecce fugatis
Nubibus, erranti succurrere, Gratia ab alto
Reddi sacra Diem jussit. Sic pristina Terris
Lux oritur. Mundo redimendo opiferque senilem
Euge, manum Henrice attuleras, Edvarde pusillam.
His oculis Aurora data est. Cælestius Orbe
Divino, plusquam Phæbèum, ad culmina Cæli
Evectum Lumen cùm viderat Anglia; fixis
Lorisque & radiis, currrûque potente; Labore
Finito Hòc solùm fragrabat Nomen ELIZÆ.

A Cælo longùm Angliacis data Gloria Sceptris,
Æternùm revocanda, Dei, sibi Provida terris
Abripuit

Immortal Truth in fair Records enroll'd,
 Her Depths and Myftick Wonders to unfold;
 Her Temples rais'd, and Oracles convey'd,
 Thefe her original Foundation laid.
 Till by ambitious Avarice headlong driven
 The tempting World had lur'd her off from Heav'n.
 Here as her Load of Earth more pond'rous grew,
 'Midft her new Cares a feeblér *Atlas* now,
 Her Heavnlíer Charge from her tir'd Shoulders threw.
 Thus ftill the more her Secular Pow'r ſhe fixt,
 Great Truth with new-found ſpurious Tinctures mixt;
 Thoſe groſs ungenuine Steams, all ſickly Smoke,
 Did now her once all-fragrant Incenſe choak.
 All Pageant Piety, vain Pomp alone,
 Meer State-Machines of Intereſt, not the Throne
 Immortal to uphold, but raíſe her own.
 Thus with a Diadem more than Mitre crown'd,
 With Terrene Droſs ſo thick ſhe clog'd her round,
 Till moré than half her once cæleſtial Rays ſhe drown'd

Thus reign'd imperious *Rome*, till Heav'n ſo pleas'd
 (From her too gloomy Bed her Head uprais'd,)
 Did *Chriſtendom's* too long ſeal'd Eyes once more
 In pity to her primitive Light reſtore.
 Eight *Henry* and Sixth *Edward's* ſhorter Sway
 Saw the bright Dawn of this reviving Day.
 To make her full Meridian Glory ſhine,
 That was the great *ELIZA's* work Divine.

Thus fair *ELIZA* bleſt the *Albion* Throne,
 Till Heav'n that lent her long reclaim'd its own.
 E When

18 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Abripuit te Dextra, suamque resumpsit ELIZAM.
Quid tantis Meritis; quid ELIZÆ grata refundant
Numina? Numen adest. Lugi Phosphorus Orbi
En vivum condit Monumentum. Divas Honorum
Virtutumque Hæres, gemmatæ Hæresque Coronæ
Stellatæque, decus divinum æquè attulit Aris
Scepтрisque, ob verè tibi Proximus, ille JACOBUS.
Sic non perdendum, Deus, indelebile Fato,
Immortale sacræ Mundo dat Lumen ELIZÆ.*

*A dante Albione ut primus Diadema recepit,
Albionique suum dedit, ille JACOBUS; ELIZA
Angligenum quid si pulcherrima; & ultima Lux est.
Vita brevis nimium, sua solum, exhausserat Ævi
Hoc Decus. A venis felicior orta JACOBI
Affluet ornandis æternum Gloria sceptris.
Lumen inextinctum sacris ille afferet Aris,
Afferet Imperio quicquid Prece, quicquid & Auro
Appetitur. Fidei defensæ ut strenua Regum
Corda genuque daret; sua stemmata ab ore tonante
Devia devovit; fidis benedixit. In altum
Albion hinc vidit Templa assurgentia. Divas
Sustulit ille Arces. Potuit quid Dexteræ ELIZÆ!
Huic fundasse minus quàm sustentare JACOBO.*

*Anglia læta suos ut latè hæc Regia vidit
Munera ab Albanis Dextris diffusa per Agros;
Hisce Caledoniis, dic Musa, faventibus Astris,
Auspiciis tantis quid reddidit Anglia grata? —*

Debita

When from the Earth that beauteous Light retir'd,
 JAMES from her own bright Altar-coal inspir'd
 Her Throne and Virtue's Successor, so pleas'd,
 Indebted Heav'n her Living Monument rais'd.
 Resolv'd such never-dying Worth to save,
 From the keen Gorge of a devouring Grave,
 Wise Providence did this securest way
 Her Immortality's Foundation lay.

Thus was First JAMES, by *Albion* call'd t'her Throne,
 Her Scepter to receive, and give his own.
 What tho' the fairest, the last *Albion Light*,
 ELIZA's single Glory shin'd so bright,
 Pent only to a Life. Great JAMES he brings,
 From his Rich Veins an endless Race of Kings.
 Brings t' his dear Altars their ne'er setting Light,
 Brings all for which we Pray, and all for which we Fight.
 The Imperial Reins, and true Defended Faith,
 To true-bent Royal Knees resolving to bequeath;
 That none but meriting Hands that Charge shou'd grace,
 Curs'd his Apostate, blest his whole believing Race.
 Thus *Albion* saw her rising Temples shine
 From JAMES their strongest Architect Divine.
 A Work not short ELIZA's Hand cou'd wield;
 So much 'tis greater to uphold, then build.

For these long Blessings round her happy Land
 Showr'd from a Royal *Caledonian Hand*;
 Say, say, my Muse, so vast a Debtor made,
 What just Returns has grateful *Albion* paid?

This

20 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Debita sic solvit — Nimiùm sibi Proxima, Dives,
Prospera, Magna, inter cumulos epulatur Honorum.
Dumque Caledonia hæc convivia struxit opima,
Esurit intactis dapibus ; sejunctaque Cura,
Et minima est. Dum vilis, Imagoque Regia solùm
Viderit heu longùm Palatia nuda, Thronumque
Desertunt ; Capita hæc quondam fulgentia, edace
Dente Vetustatis, neglectûs pondere duro
Pressa, ruinosas frontes nutantia ; Regum
Corda suo Boreâ vel frigidiora rigeant.*

*Heu quid inane refers ! dic Musa, Albania tantis
Conspicua emicuit Meritis ; abjectaque luxit
Tristis ab Angliacis tam longùm amplexibus Exul !
Imò ægra ora retrò centenos tolle per annos,
Albionem obtectam tantâ caligine species,
Ut nec Præsidio, Paci, nec provida Famæ,
Viderit Auroram ter faustæ hujusce Diei
Exortam in Cælis tam tardâ Luce Britannis.*

*Albioni nimiùm somus horrens UNIO, Fastus
Angliacus vocem raris hanc auribus hausit.
Dic quibus iratis a Diis, Genioque sinistro,
Ista mora est ; quæ causa latens, quisve obstitit Obex
Invidus, infectum ut per longa opus hæserit Æva ?
Deerat enim tanto vel posse aut velle Labori ?
Posse ! nihil dubites ; Quid enim non posse sit Anglis ?
Nolenti tardescit opus. Heu velle negatum est.
Causa patet, nec mirum, opus Anglia tarda morata est.
Intûs Avaritiâ nimis Invidiâque dolebat.*

Utque

This, this Return she made.—T'her self too kind,
 Her own Feast-Founders thrown to starve behind,
 Her seperate, least Care; left all alone
 Pow'rs Image only, a deserted Throne.
 Her naked Pallace, once a Dome more gay,
 Expos'd to mouldring Ruines and Decay,
 From the bleak Blasts of Slight and eating Time;
 Her Sovereain Lords ev'n colder then her Clime.

Hold, hold my Muse: Cou'd such th' *Albanian* Charms
 Draw her no nearer to the *Albion* Arms!
 No, in Amaze, all backwards thro' a whole
 Long Century thy akeing Eyes must rowl,
 With pain the fullen *Albion* to behold
 So blind t' her Glory, to her Blifs so cold:
 To see no sooner in the *British* Skies
 The cheering Dawn of this blest Morning rise.

An *Union*! No, with a too deafen'd Ear
 That Name the *Albion* Pride would never hear.
 But why, oh why? say, say my Muse from whence
 The louring Starrs, and malign Influence,
 That have so long this sacred *Union* barr'd!
 Was the great Work too slighted, or too hard!
 Too slighted, ay too true: Too hard, ah no!
 Th' unwilling Hand makes all her Labours slow.

Unhappy *Albion*'s too repining Eye,
 Threw this neglected work of Glory by,
 Envy and Avarice barr'd the sacred Tye.

E

}
 False

22 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Utque laborant hęc Anglica pectora morbo;
 Inde Caledoniæ deerat data Dextera Dextræ.
 Fuscis rara micans oculis; beu Gloria vera
 Lumen Avaritiæ dat intus. Hinc debilis ora
 Albionis lente attraxit. Capitiq; supino
 Longius extensum Imperium; dilata Thronique
 Majestas, quidquid (suadela minata) valebat
 Terrenâ nimium vivere à dote sagittæ.
 Hinc datur Ara, Genu, Numen: Te sufficit Auri
 Sacra funderet fecisse Deam; exloque locasse.
 Hinc satis Ambitiâ Caput Imperiale minitè
 Attolli, angustè grandescere. Latior arca;
 Sit sceptrum brevisque sat est; solium inde Britanna
 UNIO dormierat; solum hinc Borealia Sydas
 Constellare suum longiam Albion Astra negat.
 Siste Camena procax; leviterque ingrata sonantis
 Chordam tange Lyre. Sed quæ mora Vera canenti?
 Tellus, Pluto, Thetis, quid Terra & Viscera Terræ,
 Unda vel Undarum quid arena condere possint;
 Anglia, ut, omne suum, cumularat; Hic Ambitus arsit;
 Humana beu potuit quantillum gratia durum
 Pectus Avaritiæ mollire & per illius Orbem
 Pròb saturninum; crassoque sub aere; Lucis
 Haud oritur scintilla, vel ipsa crepuscula Honoris.
 Quas Epulas per avaras suasque panaverat Omnes
 Anglia; participes nullos. Albania abinde
 Albioni necdum conviva vocata debebat.
 Dic Musa, ingratum quid in hospita pectora suadent
 Anglia dura nimis Virtutis premia tolli
 Fuserat, Albanisque vel interdixerat ipsam
 Mercedem

False-sighted Avarice to true Glory blind!
 No wonder whilst this Earthy Meteor shin'd,
 To enlarg'd Empire, and extended Pow'r,
 Those brighter Gems, true Glory's fairer Dow'r,
 Her shorter-wing'd Ambition ne'er cou'd soar.
 No, her supine Head so high ne'er rais'd
 A grosser Hoard the grasping Miser pleas'd.

Behold her then (but those harsh Notes to sing
 Lightly my Muse touch the ungrateful string).
 Behold her more diminitively Great,
 Instead of widening her Imperial Seat,
 To her own narrower Soverain Circle bound,
 Of single Grandeur fond, more poorly Crown'd.
 No, to engross to her own Gripe alone,
 The Foreign Mine, and the whole Globe her own,
 In *Albion's* Breast this sole Ambition sway'd,
 Her whole Devotion to this Idol pay'd.
 Whilst this more groveling Pride her Soul possess'd,
 (No spark of Honour warms th' ungenerous Breast)
 Whilst this long Saturnine Ascendant rul'd,
 To that inhospitable Churl she cool'd,
 Resolv'd to exclude all sharers from her Feast;
Albania still an uninvited Guest,
 The very Right of her Creation barr'd,
 Denied even honest Industry's Reward.
 Thus the true *Albion* Genius to display,
 Stretch'd like a fatten'd Lyons she lay
 Though gorg'd with Surfeit grumbling o'er her Prey.

To

24 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Mercedem Sudoris. Et hunc depingere velles,
Hunc Genium, nimis Angliacum. — Saturata Leæna
Sic protensa super cumulata pondera prædæ,
Luminibus circum torvis, & murmure rauco,
Unguibus astrictis, & hianti fauce recumbit :
Nec dum passa novam Venatricem invida campos,
Naturæ commune solum peragrarè, rapaci
Gurgite, nec satiata, sibi totum arrogat Orbem.*

*Desine mirari : Quid habes hic, Musa, stupendum !
Seri Operis tantinè velis disquirere Causas,
Altiùs explores Arcanum ; consule Fatum :
Nil dubites, tardante Deo, hæc lentissima movit
Machina. Majestas Divinior, Astra gubernans,
Provida prælustre hoc Opus assignaverat ANNÆ,
Terrarum Decorì Decus. Hoc agentibus olim
Debile Conamen, frigentia Corda, pusilla
Consilia obstiterant. Moriturum hinc Embryon ipso
Conceptû perijt. Nunc fervida Pectora, Virtus
Immotà, & Lucina Potentior, ANNA Labori
Astat. Suscepisse sat est. Opus ANNA coronat.*

*Nec dedignatum est hic Omnipotentis adesse
Consilium. Divina (quid æquius ?) hoc opus ANNÆ
Gratia concessit : Tam pacificumque Laborem
Huic soli finire datur Provincia justa
Decreto Cælesti ; Huic, quæ Bellona Britanna
Tam prope conclusos Victricia Tela Triumphos
Impulit ; & sacris quæ Lauribus addet Olivam.
Illi, quæ demum Pacem Europæ que redemptæ
Et fesso condet Mundo ; quid justius Orbem
Quàm deturque suum æternè pacare Britannum.*

En

To a new Huntress in Disdain to yield
 Ev'n the least Share in Natures Common Field,
 With ravenous Desire her self alone
 Graspt the whole Range of the wide World her own.

But stop my Muse, why all this Wonder made
 To see this glorious Work so long delay'd.
 Oh no! Look higher to Decrees above
 That made this vast Machine so slowly move.
 No doubt the SOVERAIN on th' Immortal Throne
 Reserv'd this Work for ANNE's blest Reign alone.
 By cooler Zeal this great Projection try'd,
 Alas, before th' abortive Embrio's dy'd;
 No more then weak Essays, all faint Disputes.
 Great ANNE alone, Resolves and Executes.

Nay possibly th' Immortal Counsels joyn,
 (Peculiar Grace, all Equity Divine)
 In this fair Choice, to ANNE alone kind Heav'n
 Has this select Pacifick Labour given.
 She who has pusht her conquering Arms so far,
 So near the great Decisive Stroke of War;
 She whose Triumphant Pow'r shall one Day raise
 A Bed of Olive to her Groves of Bays,
 Bid the reposing Europe's Troubles cease;
 Shou'd justly crown her own Britannia's Peace.

26 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*En Radius vel adhuc (si posse) benignior, Astra
Hic majora favent. Venæ Mentisque tepescunt
Angliacæ; ex meliore luto Præcordia; Dextræ
Enitet en duplex nunc Gloria, Martia & Alma.
Ferreæ propugnant Argentea Telaque Mundum.
Hæc Fama Albionis, Geniusque illustrior, æquæ
Defensio Mavors & Thesaurarius Orbi.*

*Ecce tuos vel Imago loquax enarrat Honores:
Te pictum Scutum, tuaque ipsa Insignia, pingunt,
Anglia; dum Triplex en Aurea Bestia Martis
Sanguineo in Campo splendent Emblemata Famæ.
Imò armatorum sat Regia Fama Leonum,
Emicat Europæ Vindex æquæ Unguis & Aurum.*

*Ut caput extulerit tam formidabile, tantis
Lauribus accinctum, tot honoribus, Anglia, Virtus
Cui necdum de fessa, alieno prodiga Mundo,
Millia tot mille ad redimendum exhauserat Orbem;
Quid non proximior Soror, illa Albania, tantis
A meritis optet, tam munificæque Britannum
Dextrâ? Dextra datur, calidisque amplexibus ultrò
Alma Caledoniam vocat Anglia: Ad ardua & alta
Evectæ Pectus dum Mens Divinior inflat,
Heu meminisse pudet; retrospicit ore rubenti.
Convivæ æternum, nunc participique Sorori
Quas amplas epulas, mensalem en extruit Orbem!*

*Si modò Pegasides sublimia Carmina dicent,
Terra Baitanna, tuos, quæ nunc modulentur Honores;
Hinc acquirendas velit enumerare Salutem,
Et Vires, & Opes; nè Cantu Musa labore.*

Sufficit

Nay, for a yet more influencing Ray
 To rule th' Ascendant of this glorious Day,
 Behold a more diffusive Goodness reigns
 In kind *Britannia's* warmer *Albion* Veins:
 So fair in Arms her *Martial* Glory shines.
 What rougher *Steel*, and richer *Orient* *Mines*
 Exhausted, both her *Sword* and *Purse* she draws
 In succour'd *Christendom's* supported Cause?
 The *Royal Savages* that grace her *Shield*,
 Ev'n with a Hieroglyphick Grandeur fill'd,
 Their *Crimson Field*, and shining *Oar* so gay,
 Her very Soul in Miniature display.
 Whilst her bright *Guardant Lyons* we behold
 Extend their *Talons*, and melt down their *Gold*.

Thus the dread *Albion* rais'd in Fame so high
 Th' *Albanian Union* cou'd no more deny.
 She who her generous Millions o'er and o'er,
 The *Liberty* of *Europe* to restore,
 In foreign Aids cou'd so profusely show'r;
 T' her nearer and more dear *Albania* now
 With warmer Arms, and a more smiling Brow;
 (The too cold Look she lent so long before
 T' her more expanded Soul a Thought too poor)
 T' her sharing Sister now th' invited Guest (Feast.
 Sets forth her whole rich World to make one common

My Muse, cou'd now thy touring Numbers mount
Britannia's spreading Glories to recount,

He

28 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Sufficit Angliacum Pæana reverberet; ultrò
 Chorda Lyræ resonat; Carmentisque accommodat Orbis.
 His instructa Choris diu circum Gaudia lustret;
 Introeat primum sæva Limina sacra cauentant.

Ad Sancti Stephani Turres hic tollat ocellos;
 Audiat has intrat divas Modulamina Sedes.
 Imò salutiferam Tibi, fausta Britannia, Vocem
 Oracula hic dederant; Natosque vocat Apollo.
 Ille opifer; Medicus Deus hic sanaverat Orbem.
 Divisi Imperij non nunc egre restat Aer.
 Temperies Cælique salubrior Auraque spirat.
 Gloriaque hic alas, Virtusque omni obice major.
 Hinc vires, Mavors hinc formidabilis arma;
 Paxque serena petet secunda hinc otia; Amicis
 To circum semper ridentibus, Hoste tremante.
 Concilium hoc divum certe Deus ipse vocavit;
 Ut quondam Angelicam Betheldæ ad stagna Medelantæ.

Consilio huic satis est longè à mente reponi
 Ex Ore horrendo quondam memorabile dictum.
 Cum rapere Imperium Dominandi barbarus ardet.
 Ambitus, ut moveat prodendis machina collis
 Tutius, & vinculis deceptum subjugat Orbem;
 Debilis bene nimitum, sub aperto Marte, Tyrannis.
 Dextræque hostili conjunctas frangere Vires;
 Ad faciendum patrandum astutus aure susurrat
 Oraculum Sceleris: Qui dividit, imperet, ajunt
 Inferni mandata. Sed hospita mania Regum.

Hac

CARMEN IRENICUM. 29

Her Health, Wealth, Strength, from this blest *Union-Tye*,
Thy Song to furnish, and thy Airs supply,
Thou need'st but listen to the publick Choir ;
And only eccho back to tune thy Lyre.
Then for thy borrow'd Song, look all around : —
But make thy Entry first on hallow'd Ground,

First to St. *Stephen's* Walls thy Eyes upraise :
Hear in that tuneful Sphere th' Harmonious Layes.
This Blessing down to endless Worlds bequeath'd,
'Twas here the Sanatory Voice first breath'd.
Yes, the true *Esculapian Worthies* there
All joyn'd the Great *Britannia's* Health to cheer.
No more Division's sickly Air, no more
The feeble Weakness of disjoynted Pow'r,
Shall clog her Wings, and tow'ring Glory bar.
Ah no, her Veins of Peace, and Nerves of War
By this invigorating *Union* warm'd,
Her Foes all trembling, and her Friends all charm'd,
'Twas this high Call did their great Counsels rule,
Met like the *Angel* at *Bethesda's* Pool.

Well they remember'd, with a pond'ring Thought,
In th' old dark School this sanguine Maxim taught.
When Tyranny, to grasp at Lawless Sway,
Wou'd new projected Plans of Grandeur lay,
And to her Yoke an enslav'd World betray :
The Harmony of Pow'r, alas, too weak
By hostile Arms and open Force to break,
Empire by safer Politicks to reach,
Divide and Reign, th' infernal Oracles Preach.

30 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Hæc ubi stant fundata, Vicarius ipse Deique
Maxima Cura Dei est; se Munimenque suorum
Dat Numen; sic Vox Cælestis prædicat; "Ob Tu
" Pacifica, Imperij Genius, datur, UNIO, Dextræ
" Condere Regna tuæ: Stabilis Concordia Sceptrum.*

*Sic Vox Cælorum; sic Vox Cælestis, ea ANNÆ
Eloquitur. Dumque illa Tyrannidis ANNA flagellum,
Iustitiæ columnen, Mundi miheretur; ad Orbem
Pacandum, æternum mulcendaque Corda Britannum,
Hæc sacra à sacris exaudi Oracula labris.
Sic ANNA Albioni, querulæque hæc voce, perorat.*

*" Imperiale Caput, tu Diva Britannia, Magnam
" Dum te Fama vocat, sis Maxima & Optima: Natos
" Nosce tuos, æquam sobolemque amplexibus æquè
" Maternis ob! sume tuam. Divelle profanas
" Metarum lites. Populi discrimina, gentes
" Divisæ, æternum delenda Infamia, raucus
" Exulet Orbe somus. Ratio, Prudentia, tota
" Astrea, Astreæ Eloquium, cui lora regendi
" Dij dederint Mundi, si te regat Anglia; Tanta
" Gloriaque haud satis hæc socialia Fœdera suadet,
" Unica Terrarum moles, en ora, situsque
" Fundamenque, tuum omne, vel ipsa Creatio, tardum
" Hoc opus inclamant. En unica Cura Deorum,
" Unicus, æquoreo sub Numine, Murus aquarum;
" (Quid rupes, quid saxa valent!) hoc limite Regni
" Convallat te Diva Salus; ex Orbe dat Orbem.
" En unum geniale solum, Cunabla tuorum
" Fœcunda*

CARMEN IRENICUM. 31

But when th' Immortal Guardians of the Throne
Make their Divine Vicegerents Cause their own ;
The Soverain Helm of Empire to sustain,
The Voice of Heav'n commands, *Unite and Reign.*

Yes, in this Cause commanding Heav'n appear'd ;
From Heavns Commissiond *Anne* this Voice they heard,
From *ANNE*, proud *Europe's* Guardian *Heròine*,
From her fair Lips, they heard the Breath Divine,
With this melodious Royal Call invite,
Her darling Care, her *Britain* to Unite.

" Oh thou Imperial Head, whose Honour'd Name,
" With swelling Titles fills the Trump of Fame ;
" Be Thou *Britannia* no less Good, then Great ;
" Thy equal Race with equal Favours treat.
" Down with the Barriers, down ; root up the Shame
" Of harsh Distinction, that Invidious Name.
" Behold how Reason, Prudence, Justice ; All
" That ought to rule the World for this blest *Union* call.
" If possible, for yet more pond'rous Sense
" Beyond ev'n their inviting Eloquence,
" Look round and see thy whole Foundation lay'd,
" Thy very Frame for this blest *Union* made.
" From th' Universal grosser Mass, thy Throne
" A select Charge of Heav'n, secure thy own,
" Thy self a World within Thy self alone.
" One watry Wall surrounds thee, one rich Fence
" The Bulwark of protecting Providence.

Thy

32 CARMEN IRENICUM.

- “ *Fœcunda Heroum, Prolis diviniùs, æquo*
 “ *Martè inflante, æquum Martem spirantis ; & uno*
 “ *Sub Jove Regali genibus manibusque beatis,*
 “ *Unaque tu Mater, sis una Britannia, verè*
 “ *Magna, Potestatis Sphæra Unica ; omusque nec ultrà*
 “ *Dextera mane trahat, diviso enervior Orbe.*

Sic Dixit ; sic ANNA Minerva Britannica. Dictum
Quas Aures, Animos, quò Corde, Genuque receptum,
Dulcisonum attraxit ? Socialia Lumina Regni,
Cæsareos Geminos hinc excitat æmula Virtus.
Acceleratur opus ; quæque Hæc DUCE, Dextra Labori
Læta ministrat opem. Fato signante, sigillum
En fixum. Satis est Trinum Imperiale jubere.
Hos intrà muros Divinum Velle dat Esse.

En Divi Pauli resonantia Mœnia clangunt,
Laudibus Æternis longùm illa dicata, Triumphis
Vox ubi sacra canit Cælorum consona ; structum
Pallade Divinâ, Caput Augustale resurgit :
A Cinere & fumo nunc Forma venustior ; imò
Splendidiora novis ab Honoribus ora resurgent
Nempe Coronatas nunc prospicit Atria Frontes
Ad sua in æternum, genibus stectentibus, Aras
Solum ad Paulinas, ubi flexerat ANNA, vocandas.

Albion, hisce tui Propugnatoribus Orbis
Sufficit haud minor iste Labor, angustaque Fama
Mundanas solum lites componere, Terras
Conciliâsse tuas. Quid si Certamina rerum
Furgiaque

" Thy whole fair Spot of Earth *one* fertile Bed
 " Of Martial Veins to hardy Virtue bred.
 " Such th' Inborn Genius, rul'd by *One* crown'd Brow;
 " As such the Off-spring, such the Mother too;
 " Be *One Great Britain* Thou, *One* Orb of Pow'r:
 " And poorly canton out thy World no more.

Thus breath'd the Soverain Voice, whilst all around
 Her *Patriot-Worthies* caught and blest the Sound:
 Those Great *Twin-Mates of Empire* thus inspir'd
 With glowing Zeal and emulous Glory fir'd,
 The *Mighty Three* in bright Conjunction fate,
 And this great Work stamp'd with the Seal of Fate. }
 Within those Walls of Pow'r to Will is to Create.

And now behold St. *Paul's* Illustrious Pile,
 In his new beauteous Resurrection Smile,
 That Dome long sacred to th' Immortal Praise,
 All Fabrick-work Divine, his Tow'rs upraise,
 To hail *Britannia* t' her long Royal Line,
 Crown'd Heads from Rich *SOPHIA's* Veins Divine,
 Whose bowing Knees shall t' endless Worlds adore
 At the same Shrine where *ANNA* knelt before.

To found the Happiness of this blest *Isle*
 'Tis not enough for our warm PATRIOTS Smile }
 Only contesting Pow'r to reconcile;
 All terrene jarring Elements thus hush'd,
 Her old *Pict-Wall* (*) long moulder'd into Dust,

(*) The Wall that once parted the Two Kingdoms.

34 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Furgiaque eternum sileant, & inutile pondus
Pictæi jaceat quondam Muri obruta moles;
Dum Twedæ nunc tuta Britannia per vada Currat
Lætâ Triumphali pacatas transeat undas.
Nec minùs His Patriæ Cælestis Patribus, æquè
Cura Foci, Ararum; Terræ culturaque Cæli;
Eusebiæ Tutela suæ, sublimior ille
Ambitus, hic Labor est, hæc Gloria. Sacra Britanniam
UNIO vel Terrestræ simul perfecit Opusque
Cæleste! Huic Pacto Collega benignior addi
Si posse est; ANNÆ quantum pia Pectora flammant!
Albanoque suo socius Leo Belgicus, ille
Defensor Fidei, Fautorque en additur Aris.
Transeat à Stephani Muris resonantibus Aedem
Ad Palatinas, repetatque hinc Gaudia Musa.
En sanctus, verè sanctus (pia nempe Jacobum
Consecrat ANNA suum) satur ille Jacobus Honorum,
Quò fastù elatus, quòque ore tumente, superbit,
Tot Proceres numerare novos, addenda videre
Lumina tot Regale suum illustrantia Sydis.
En ultrà quondam Aula superbior, horrida vili
Pulvere nunc facies; cùm vidit onustius Aurum
Divaque jam Regum Diadema venustius ora
Irradians, pectus tanto exbilarante Triumpho;
Regius en Genius Murorum, à funere, fato,
Flammisque assurgens, ipsas decorare Ruinas,
Digniùs ut resonet tantum pæana Britannum
Abstergit Cineres squalenti a fronte, genâque
Eugè rubescenti præcordia læta resultant.

Augusta,

The Soverain *Britannia* thus agreed,
 Now her Triumphant Chariot fords the *Tweed*.
 Our *Senate-Worthies* with an equal Toil,
 To cultivate no less th' Immortal Soyl,
 Their dear *Eusebia's* Safety to maintain
 In no less Peace to drive her Polar Wain;
 This *Union* the kind Finishing Hand has given
 At once to the great Work of Earth and Heav'n.
 Nay still more *Colleague Champions* call'd, we view }
 Great *ANNE* so warmly this high Cause pursue,
 To her *Albanian* joyns the *Belgick Lyon* (*) too. }

From the resounding Voice of Triumph here
 Next listen to *St. James's* jocund Sphere.
 The Great *St. James*, (The Saint? Yes, 'tis enough
 The Soverain Presence consecrates that Roof.)
 Lo, where the great *St. James*, yet greater still,
 Those new Court-Stars his Orb of Glory fill,
 That vast Increase of Honour rais'd so high,
 Do's to his Throne those added Lights supply,
 His Constellation swell'd t' a *Galaxy*. }

Nay, ev'n the cheer'd *Whitehall*, his once proud Head
 Now low in Dust and Desolation laid,
 Uprais'd to see, once his own Charge Divine,
 Th' Imperial Brow, a Massier Diadem twine,
 The very *Genius* of the *Royal Pile*
 Decks ev'n the Face of Ruine with a Smile;
 Off from his Brows his Ashey Load he throws, (glows.
 Whilst thro' his blooming Cheeks the mighty Pleasure

(*) A League with the States General to Maintain the HANOVER SUCCESSION.

36 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Augusta, hæc inter tot tamque sonora Britannum
 Gaudia, quæle tuum resonat? Nunc altiùs altum
 Tolle caput. Non nunc Anglorum angustior ora
 Terminat Imperium. Te tota Britannia solam
 Metropolin colit. Inde tua ad Gressamia Natos
 Mænia adoptivos, tantæ nova stemmata Matri,
 Lætos læta vocas. En addita Gloria fronti.
 A Palatinis nunc Turribus ore deorsum
 Thamesin aspicias plusquam fraterna beatæ
 Brachia tendentem Twedæ. Nunc hospite Vento,
 Neptuni famulo, Jove ridentique Marino,
 Latius Imperium, proprias provecta per undas
 Carbasatuta vides. Quæ non Industria tranat
 Æquora? Teque colunt ipsæ Orcades: Ultima Tellus
 Teque tua agnoscit—Quid non dabit Unio terris?
 Et decus & tutamen adest. En alma Britannis
 Consulit ANNA suis. sua Fulminaque æqua Tonantis
 Cura Caledonio nunc auxiliaria Ponto,
 Oceani Vindexque ultricem accommodat Ignem.
 Hinc Augusta tibi læto datur ore videre
 Angliaci Albanique hæc sacra ligamina sceptri.
 Urbs Edinburgum non ampliùs extera languet,
 Convivæ nunc Alma novæ tua Brachia tendis.
 Tu pia murali frontem redimita Coronâ,
 Flecte salutandæ caput hospes amica Sorori.

Ad Turres sursum nunc Lumina tollat Honori
 Divo Musa sacras. En hîc Socialia verè
 Magnatum splendent Insignia. Sub Jove miti
 Hic videt Amplexus Regum, Convivia Regni.

Hospite

In the loud Joys of this great Day what Share
 Do's fair *Augusta's* heighten'd Grandeur bear!
 Not only her more narrow *Albion*, now
 The wide *Britannia's* Metropolitan Brow,
 All pleas'd and charm'd, she to her *Gresham* Walls
 New Filial Heads, a new Adoption calls.
 Yes, t' her exalted Glory 'tis decreed,
 One Social Tie now joyns the *Thames* and *Tweed*.
 Her Canvas Wings now to a larger Mart
 Of Industry, steer'd by one common Chart,
 T' a wider Marine Coast their Sayls shall stretch:
 Ev'n to the *Orcades* her Verge shall reach.
 Nay, the kind Soverain *ANNA* with a more
 Diffusive Ray, to a Remoter Shore,
 Her equal Charge in safety to convey,
 Her Tutelary Thunder guards their Way.
 Thus, fair *Augusta*, with no common Pride
 To see this *Caledonian Gordian* ty'd,
 With hospitable Smiles her Tow'ry Brow,
 Bows to salute, no more an *Alien* now,
 Her darling inmate Sister *Edinbro'*.

Look next, my Muse, up to th' Illustrious Pile,
 Where *Worthies* from the warmest Royal Smile,
 All in one Constellated Sphere sit down,
 The *Coronet*, the Companion of a *CROWN*.
 Here great *St. George* himself, from his long Rest
 Of Glory wakes to share this Union-Feast.
 Thus wak'd, he do's his own new Trumpet hear,
 Advanc'd the Guardian to a vaster Sphere.

I

T' his

38 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Hospite sub tecto prælustres ecce Corollæ
 Imperialis ovant Comites Diadematis. Arces
 Has inter sacrasacer ecce Georgius, ille
 Præses Honorandi longum Agminis. Euge verendum
 Hic caput à Requite cælesti suscitatur, ipse
 Maxima parsque Chori ad præconia tanta vocatus.
 Nam sua res agitur: Nunc grandior Orbis, Honoris
 Huic Mæcenati dabitur, Provincia sacra.
 En ubi Consilium vocat Armorale, summumque
 Pantheon ornari jubet. Ornatumque Tropæis
 Ecce novis, majora volumina condit Honorum.
 Imò Britannorum nunc Gloria tota reposita est
 Unica Congeries. Honor ille nec Incola muris
 Additur Angliacis besterna Creatio. Diva
 Ecce Caledoniâ deducta ab origine Proles,
 Venarum tam digna; à Nobilitate Paternâ
 Orta æquè & nutrita: Haud sufficit emicat Hæres
 A stirpe antiqui, stirpique novum addit Honorem.
 Nomina Magna videt, sua quæ celaverat olim
 Ferrea penna aureis Tabulis. Hanc perlege Famam
 Fonte Caledonio exortam. Quid non Plaga sana
 Hæc poterit! Veneranda en Gloria, tamque vetusta
 Nobilitas viget hic, minùs haud mansuraque Sydes
 Quàm Boreale suum, famulisque haud junior Astris.
 Utque Honor hic divo lustratur Lumine; ab alto
 En ubi præstrictis oculis obvertitur ANNA,
 Illa Caledonio a Fundamine condita Mundi
 Gloria. Nec minùs hinc Successio, ea ultima Regni
 Diva salus: BOJEMA BASIS simul hinc datur Orbi.
 Ut tandem non omne retrò, sed & omnia prorsum,
 Quicquid*

T' his *Garter*, *Norreys*, *Clarinceux*, he calls,
 With new Records t' adorn their *Pantbeon* Walls.
 Whilst more voluminous *Pandect* Piles the whole
Britannick HONOUR in one Roof enroll.
 New Piles which shall those added Beams display,
 Not the Creation-work of Yesterday ;
 True *Caledonian* HONOUR, Names so fair,
 So worthy the great Race whose Veins they heir,
 Copies from the Original drawn so true, (grew
 That from th' Illustrious Roots from whence they }
 They borrow Luster, and they lend it too.
 Sprung from an Ancestry whose Names so old
 Their own *Steel Pens* first wrote in Leaves of Gold,
 Those Antique Founts of Fame, ev'n remov'd back so far
 Scarce *Junior* to the Stars in their own *Northern* Carre.

Such HONOUR Honour's *Patron Saint* beheld,
 Thro' the Display of this Armorial Field.
 Whilst his new open'd Eyes thus upwards mount,
 Lo, where bright *ANNE*, her *Caledonian Fount*,
 Presents new Glories to his dazled View.
 Nor *ANNE* alone hence her great Origine drew :
 Shining he sees from the same Source Divine
 Her bright *Succeſſion*, the *BOHEMIAN Line*.
 If then our All behind, and All before,
 All we enjoy, and all we hope for more,
 All that our Prayers can beg, or Gold can buy,
 All that *Britannia's* Wishes to supply }
 She never thought she pay'd a Price too high. :

40 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Quicquid speremus, vel quid potiremur, ab alma
 Pace Throni, a Patriæ verè Patre affluit, Omne
 Optandum a Regnis, precibusque auroque petendum,
 Omniaque a votis quò non pretio empta Britannis,
 Dante Deo, manibusque suis Regalibus Orbi
 Hinc data felici, per diva vebicula Sceptri:
 Ecce Coronandæ Frontes, Auriga Britannus,
 Stemma Caledonium est. Ditata Britannia ab illo
 Thesauro Regum, Jani hinc illuminat ora.
 Totum opus hinc duplici Fronti dedit. Occupat omnes
 Lustrando en oculos Solium Imperiale Britannum,
 Regnorum Columnæ, Majestatemque perennem,
 Diva Caledoniæ Fecundia condidit Orbi.

En tua nunc Edvardos, Saruin Comitissa, nitentis
 Pulchra olim Angliacæ GEMMÆ quæ fabra, cadentem
 Fausta Periscelidem stellavit, adesse Triumphis
 Hisce, Quadringentos prob longum onerata per annos
 Pondere Marmoreo, somnum nunc discutit altum.
 Pulchrrior assurgens renovato Lumine Magnum
 Aspiciens HEROA suum, Gallumque Tyrannum
 Sub vinclis Anglo positis a Marte gementem;
 Ecce novo Visû Victricem transit ad ANNAM
 Bellonam Angligenam Campis, Solioque Minervam
 Sceptrorum hîc oculis diva obviat UNIO, & inde
 Inviictæ Vires, Pactum inviolabile, Virtus
 Strenua, firma Fides, animataque Pectora Regni;
 Et tunc fatidico sic vaticinatur ab ore,
 " Gallico ad Aspectus nunc Cordetremente Britannos,
 " Omnes Edvardos hinc Britonas affore Reges.
 Viribus

All from a giving God t' a happy Land
 Convey'd down thro' his own Vicegerent's Hand,
 Are the warm Blessings from the Soverain Beams :
 Those Soverain Heads are *Caledonian Stems*.
 Hence the Descendants to her endless Throne,
 Th' enricht *Britannia* from this Mine alone
 At once to the enlighten'd *Janus* gives,
 Both his Imperial beauteous Prospectives ;
 Her fruitful *Caledonian Soyl* supplies,
 Work ev'n for his whole double Range of Eyes.

Nay, Great Third *Edward's* beauteous *Sarum* there, }
 She who the Foundress of a Gem so fair,
 Once dropt a *Garter* to light up a STAR,
 Rais'd from her Sleep of four long hundred Years,
 So loud this ecchoing Triumph strikes her Ears,
 When viewing in her own Crown'd Heroe's Train
 A Royal captive *Gaul* wear th' *Albion* Chain,
 With a Prophetick Light her Eyes casts down
 To Great *Britannia's* now *United-Crown*.

An *Union* whose bright Influence shall so charm }
 Her smiling Eyes, her spritely Veins so warm,
 So strongly nerve her Formidable Arm;
 From Colleague Kingdoms joyning Hearts and Hands,
 Pow'rs whole embodied Force linkt in eternal Bands,
 Till trembling *France* shall to dread *BRITAIN* bow,
 Her whole crown'd Race shall all reign *Edwards* now.

*Viribus ex hisce Unitis quæ Regia Sceptrum
 Dextra geret? Siquando, Britannia, ad Arma vocâris
 Ecce à montanis boreale Penatibus Agmen
 Angliaco immixtum Marti, junctæque phalanges,
 (Nunc quantum tua Causa valet!) famulæque Tonantis
 Ad tua convalidis vibrandum fulmina dextris
 Attulerint se, corda, manusque, focosque, Laresque.
 Insula tẽr felix, cui tutelaria plusquàm
 Igne Prometheo præcordia subdita flagrant.
 Numen & ecce novum. Te murus aquaticus ambit,
 Circùm Defensor Neptunus, Jupiter intus.*

*Quas Turres plusquam nova Trojâ, Britannia, condidit
 Has intra unitas tua Dextra Potentior Arces
 Palladiumque tuum, Terrarum Orbisque reponit.
 Si nova delirans, iterumque infesta, Tyrannis,
 Audeat infelix renovare incendia Mundo,
 Cùm primùm prægnans, conceptûque ad Jovis instar
 Ingemit armato, fetûs longùm ante nefandi
 Parturam; cùm nondùm horrenda Mimistra Labori
 Vulcani nimis atra Manus Lucina vocatur,
 Tunc tua Terrarum vigil indefessaque Cura
 Hauserit ut primos sceleris læsâ aure susurros;
 Dum caput iratum attollens, & voce tremendâ
 Divina attonitum Vindieta audita per Orbem
 Intonet; Ambitio languens, en mortua necdum
 Nata! Sat a torvo tibi Lumine missile Fatum.
 Hinc moritur; venit hinc lethalis arundinis ictus.*

Audeat

Yes, how shall now the *British* Monarchs reign
 With such linkt Hands the Scepter to maintain !
 Whole Clans shall now, new Champions of the Crown;
 March from their Hills in rang'd Battalions down ;
 Joyn'd with the *Albion Bands*, all proudly wait
 To wield their dear *Britannia's* Bolts of Fate.
 Thus happy Isle, to raise thy Diadem higher,
 Betwixt thy true Promæthean Souls of Fire,
 And thy proud Watry Walls, securely Crown'd,
Jove guards thee safe within, and *Neptune* round.

With this new Majesty t' adorn thy Brow,
Britain, thy own, and *Europe's* Guardian now,
 Lodg'd in thy Arm of Pow'r, at once we view
 Thy *Troynovant's* and the World's *Palladium* too,
 For, oh, shou'd hardy Tyranny aspire
 Once more to dare to set the World o' Fire ;
 Big like the Brain of *Jove* with her arm'd Birth,
 Long e'er her Bolted Vengeance to bring forth,
 T' assist her labouring Pangs, her dire Commands
 Shall call her hammering *Cyclops* Midwife-Hands :
 At the Alarm, shall wak'd *Britannia* rouse
 With all the dreadful Terroures on her Brows,
 'Twill be enough with her big Voice of Doom
 To blast the unborn Embrio in the Womb ;
 Enough alone to raise her awful Head,
 And look th' abortive bold Ambition dead.

Britain

44 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Audeat haud ultrà Mundorum Insania vana
Perturbare tuam, secura Britannia, Pacem.
Lauribus æternis Hæres, Victoria Currû
Insidet Alta tuo, solumque hâc sede triumphat.
Imò ubi ad exemplar ANNÆ ducentis, ab extrâ
Terrarum Regio, fractâ pace, obrutaque Umbris
Funestis, ad te prece supplice tendat, ut almam
Mutuet hinc Lucem solùm a Titane Britanno,
Ecce tuo Solio Divina Astrea recumbens,
A te mandanti circùm Imperialia tradet
Auribus attentis Animisque Oracula Mundi.
Nempe tua æternùm nunc formidanda Potestas
Æqui Instauratrix Propugnatrixque Thronorum
MARLBORIOS dabit alma novos : Dabit UNIO Terris
ANNÆ Immortalis Genium. Rediviva Britanni
Hinc Anima Hæc Mundi per sæcula longa supersit.*

*Munera tanta ANNÆ precibus donata Senatûs
Auspicio—(Auspicio superiorum, cælitûs Orbi
Donata Angliaco ;) quò dives Aromate ad Aras,
Dante Deo, recipit ! Replent quæ Gaudia Pectus
Plusquam Maternum struxisse Nepotibus ANNAM
Hunc nidum balcionis ? Quanto hæc celebratur Honore
Provida in æternum sæclis data Cura beandis !
Albion hîc opus exegit. Magno ecce WILHELMO
Solùm Ichnographiam tanti Moliminis, Astra
Depinxisse dedere : Laborem illique, minori
Anglorum Alcidæ, fatis a Diisque negatum,
ANNÆ Majori concedunt Numina. Divum
Incipere en Huic dant, Huic dant finire Colossus.*

Nec

Britain no more by hostile Worlds assail'd,
 Conquest ev'n by Inheritance entail'd,
 From the high Copy by great *ANNE* begun,
 Hither shall distrest Nations Suppliant run,
 For borrow'd Light from *Britain's* Lending Sun.
 The Sovereign *Astrea* on thy Throne,
 Divine *Britannia*, from thy Breath alone,
 Shall her Imperial Oracles disperse
 Around the list'ning and obeying Universe.
 Yes, thy dread Strength, thy formidable Pow'r,
 Right to Defend, and ravish'd Thrones restore,
 Shall t'endless Worlds new *MARLBOROUGH's* supply
 And the Immortal *ANNE's* great *Genius* never Die.

To *ANNE's* warm Pray'rs this radiant Blessing
 (given,
 From courted *Senates*, and more courted *Heav'n*,
 T' a giving God, what Incense shall She pay,
 To hail the Joys of this Auspicious Day!
 Yes, to behold her Filial Charge thus Blest,
 Herself the Foundress of this *Haleyon* Nest,
 What vast Maternal Raptures swell that Breast?
 This Glorious Labour, in great *WILLIAM's* Reign,
Britannia's Lefs *Alcides*, try'd in vain,
 The Star-crown'd Heroe, from his own fair Plan,
 Looks smiling from his *Heav'n* to see the greater *ANNE*,
 A Pile to his attempting Zeal deny'd,
 Begin and finish the Triumphal Pyramide.

L

Yes,

46 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Nec mirum hæc tanto Conamine Machina Regni
Surrexit : Pietas ANNÆ tam strenua flagrat,
Ut Terræ & Cæli Defensor, provida utrique
Consultit. Accedet, Sceptri præcarius Hæres,
Hæres heu nimis angustæ tuus HANOVER Orbis,
Ad curtum Diadema, & Semi-Britanna Trophæa?
Astræque & ANNA vetant. Conviva beator Aris
Extractis, Epulis semper Cælestibus, Ille
Successor, ad Sceptra, hæc non violanda ; Thronumque
Immotum ; & nunquam nutantia Templâ, vocatur.*

*Europæ voluit sic Arbiter. Illius ANNÆ
Musa Triumphantis velis enumerare Labores,
Quid non perfecit, quid non perfecit ANNA !
Quid Decus Albioni, quantam Albionique Salutem
Contulit ; Imperium quantum modulata beatum.
Illius a Dextrâ non impia territa solum
Ambitio elanguet : Tanto Moderamine Sceptri,
Pacificæ Auspiciis ANNÆ Discordiaque ipsa
Religiosa silet. Pia non deliria, ab Aris
Flamma nimis violenta ; Furorque nec obsrepet ultra
Horrida ad arma vocans. Vanescent nubila : Nulla
Audebit turbare Deum Titania Proles.
In sempiternum Jovis hinc secura Britanni
Gloria nulla timet nunc Bella movenda Gigantum.*

F I N I S.

Yes, not proud *Europe's* Guardian-Head alone,
 No less the Champion of th' *Immortal Throne*,
 In her dear Altars Cause her strenuous Arm
 Nerv'd with a Piety so all divinely warm,
 Resolv'd t' invite th' *HANOVERAN Successour*
 Not to half Empire, a precarious Pow'r;
 To treat more Nobly that Imperial Guest,
 Securely founds an everlasting Feast.

The Past, the Present, and the Future too,
ANNE's whole summ'd Glories set at their full view; }
 What has She done? And what shall She not do? }
 What Safety and what Lustre round the Throne
 Has She for ever fixt, her Work alone?
 How shall She deck the proud Imperial Robe,
 And how, how tune her whole Harmonious Globe;
 Not only hush *Ambition* into Peace:
 She can ev'n make *Religious Discord* cease.
 No frantick Zeal at home, nor from abroad
 Shall Pow'rs aspiring Lust dare front the God:
 No Clouds within, no Tempests from afar,
 A *British Jove* shall fear no *Gyants-War*.

THE END.

